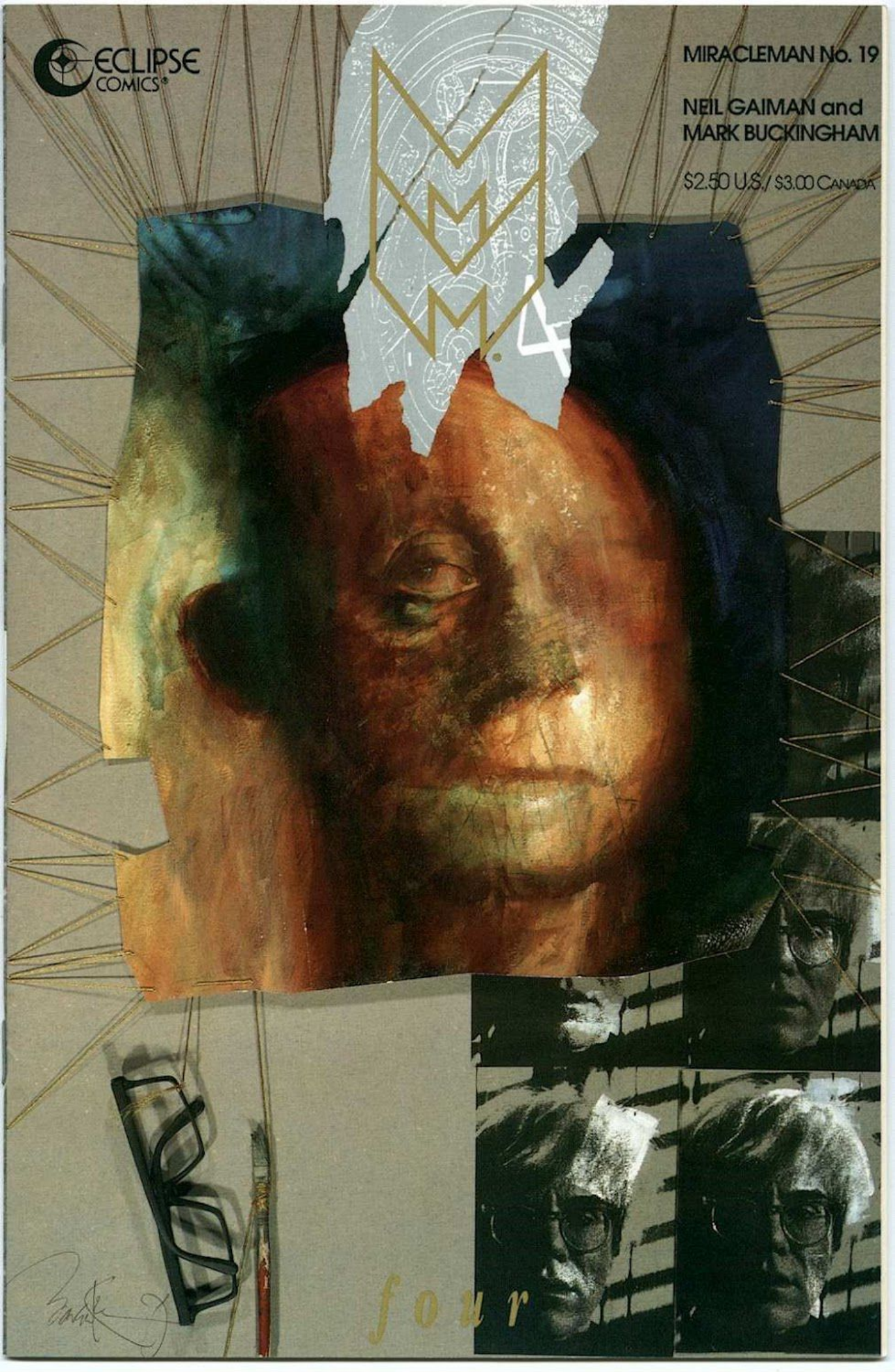

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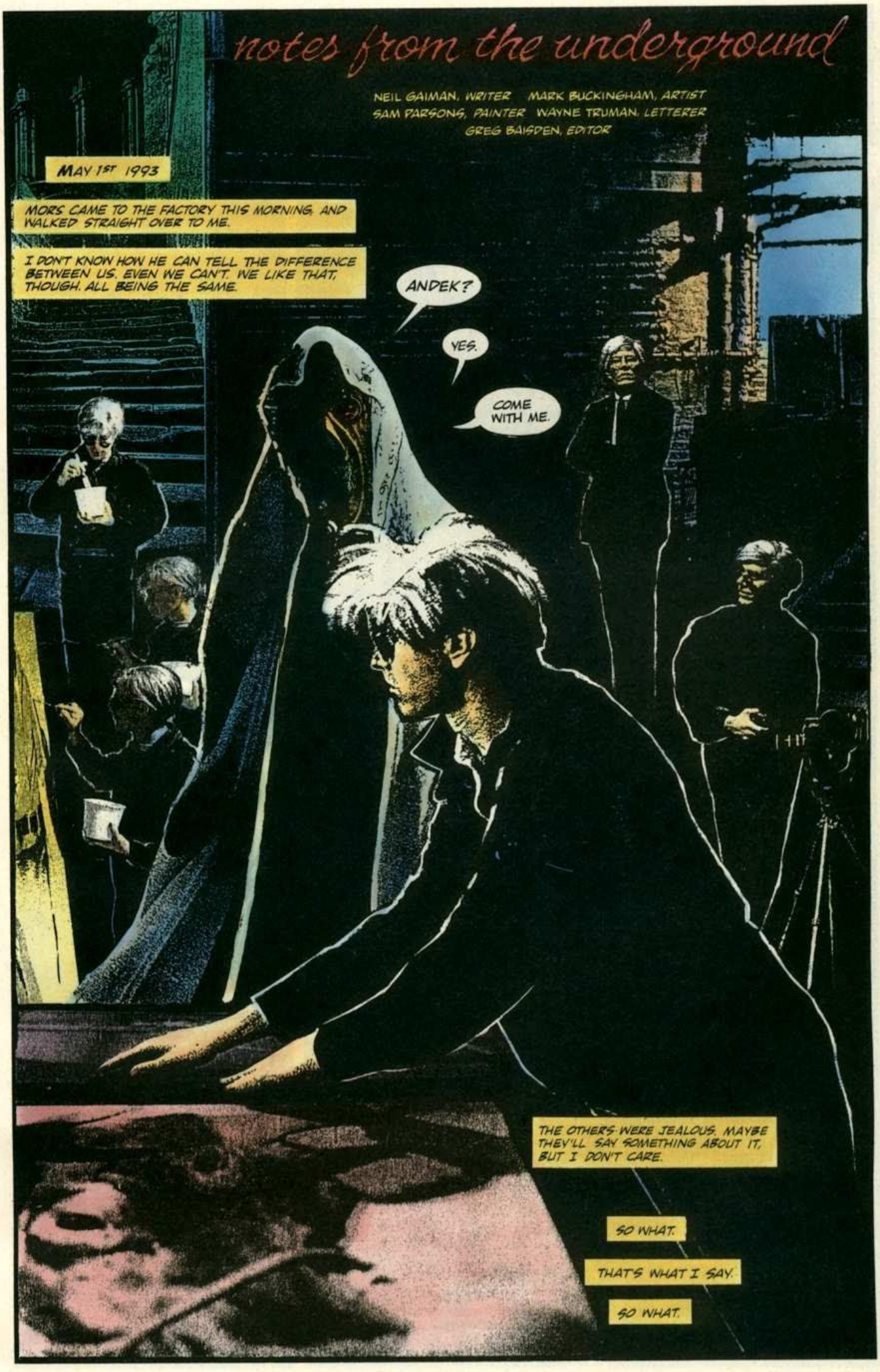
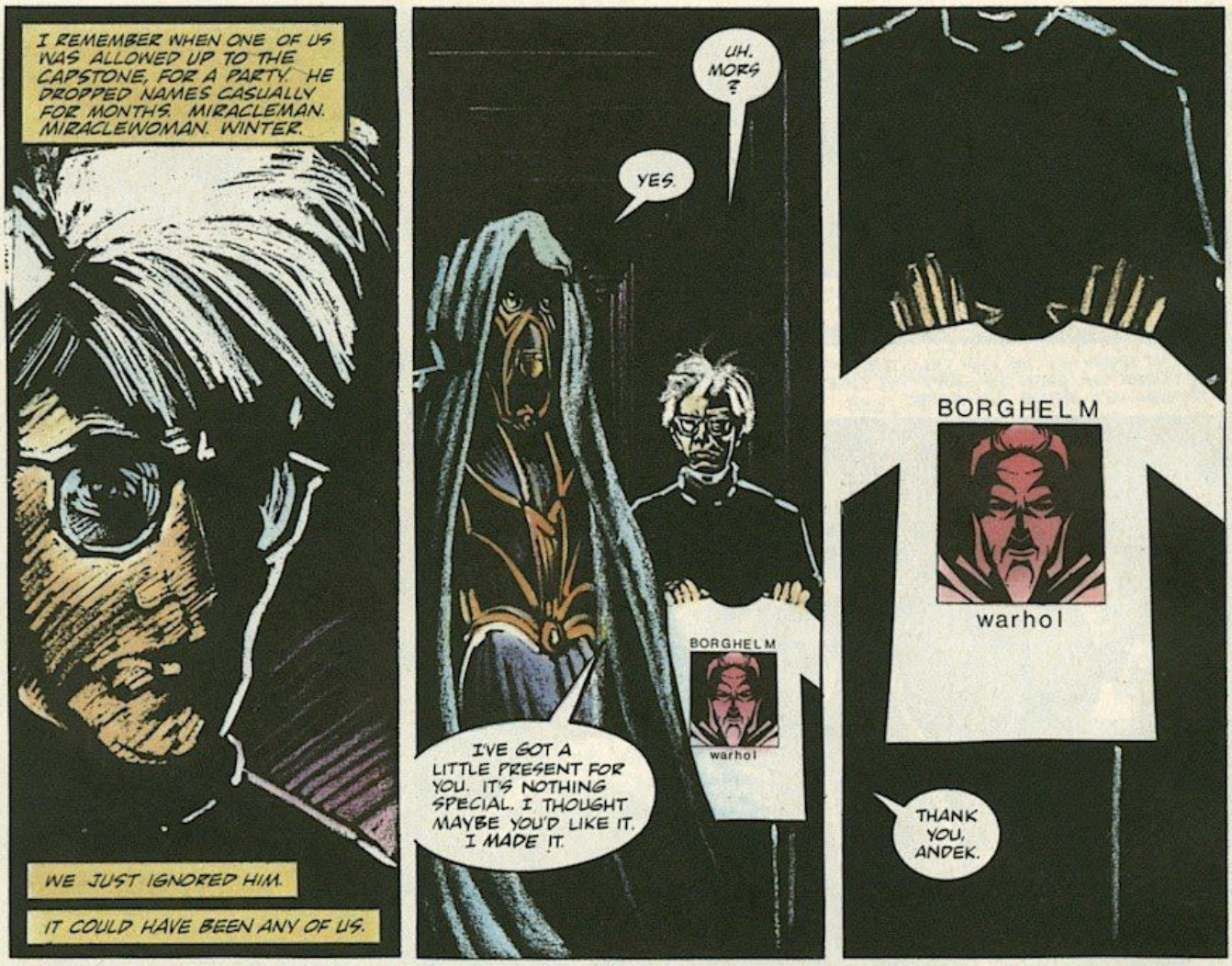
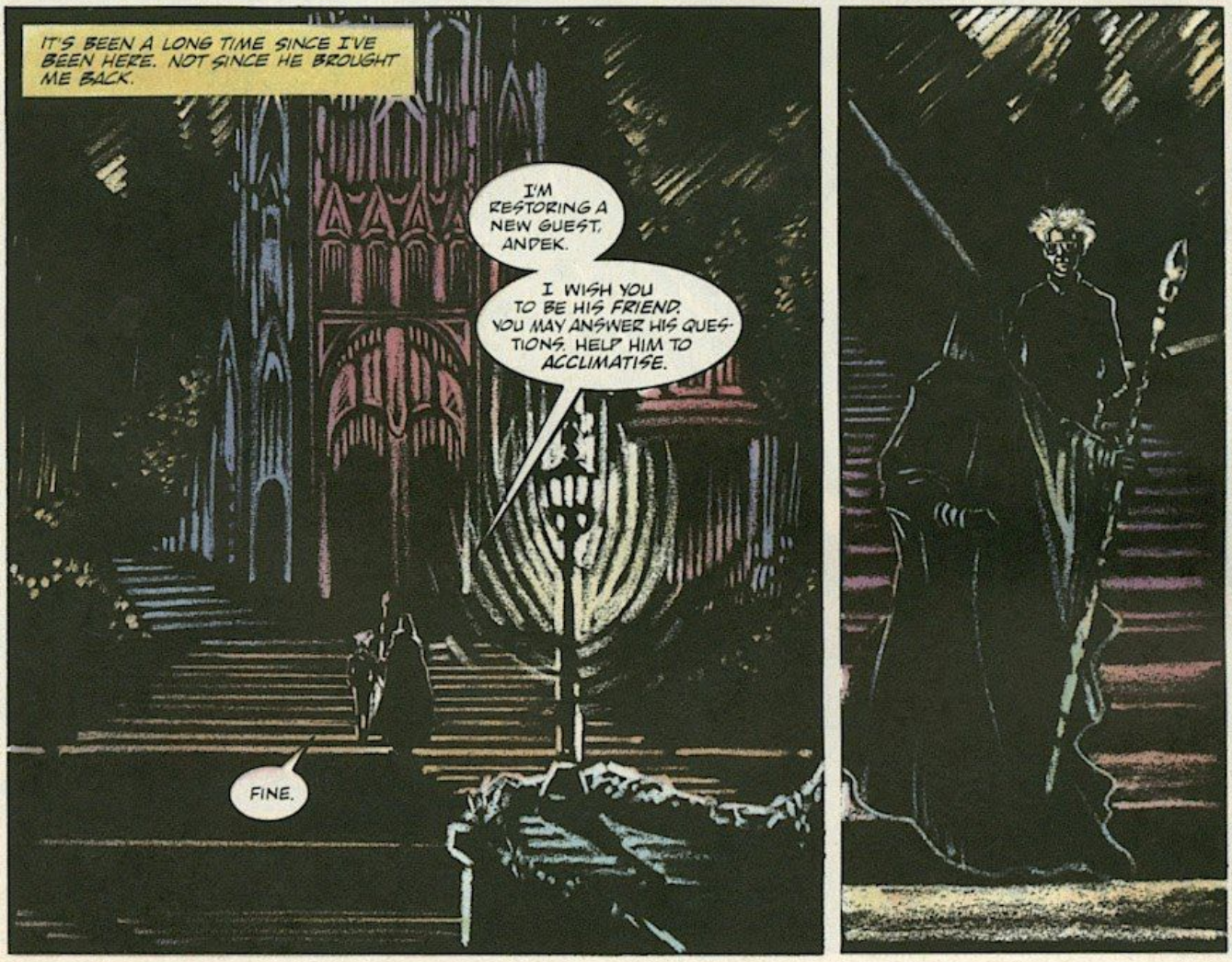

notes from the underground
NEIL GAIMAN, WRITER MARK BUCKINGHAM, ARTIST
SAM PARSONS, PAINTER WAYNE TRUMAN, LETTERER
GREG BAISDEN, EDITOR
MAY 1ST 1993
MORS CAME TO THE FACTORY THIS MORNING, AND WALKED STRAIGHT OVER TO ME.
I DON'T KNOW HOW HE CAN TELL THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN US. EVEN WE CAN'T. WE LIKE THAT, THOUGH. ALL BEING THE SAME.
ANDEK?
YES.
COME WITH ME.
THE OTHERS WERE JEALOUS. MAYBE THEY'LL SAY SOMETHING ABOUT IT, BUT I DON'T CARE.
SO WHAT.
THAT'S WHAT I SAY.
SO WHAT.


I REMEMBER WHEN ONE OF US WAS ALLOWED UP TO THE CAPSTONE, FOR A PARTY. HE DROPPED NAMES CASUALLY FOR MONTHS. MIRACLEMAN. MIRACLEWOMAN. WINTER.
WE JUST IGNORED HIM.
IT COULD HAVE BEEN ANY OF US.
UH. MORS?
YES.
I'VE GOT A LITTLE PRESENT FOR YOU. IT'S NOTHING SPECIAL. I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU'D LIKE IT. I MADE IT.
BORGHELM
warhol
BORGHELM
warhol
THANK YOU, ANDEK.


IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN HERE. NOT SINCE HE BROUGHT ME BACK.
I'M RESTORING A NEW GUEST, ANDEK.
I WISH YOU TO BE HIS FRIEND. YOU MAY ANSWER HIS QUESTIONS. HELP HIM TO ACCLIMATISE.
FINE.

IT'S HIM. OH GEE. OH WOW.
STAY COOL. DON'T SAY ANYTHING.
I WONDER HOW HE'LL BE WHEN HE WAKES UP. I REMEMBER WHAT IT WAS LIKE FOR ME. HOW MORS HAD TO EXPLAIN THIS WASN'T HEAVEN, WHAT HAD HAPPENED. HOW I WASN'T THE FIRST.
I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND IT ALL, REALLY.
OH, THIS IS GREAT.
IT'S LIKE FRANKENSTEIN.
I WONDER WHAT HE'S GOING TO SAY.
EMIL. WAKE UP.
I... I THOUGHT I WAS DEAD.
YES. YOU WERE.
I AM MORS.
THIS IS THE SIXTH ANDY WARHOL. HE IS GOING TO BE YOUR FRIEND.
HE WILL EXPLAIN THIS WORLD TO YOU; HE WILL BE YOUR COMPANION AND-- ALTHOUGH YOU CANNOT LEAVE THESE FOUR WALLS--YOUR GUIDE.
FARE WELL, EMIL GARGUNZA.

THE SIXTH ANDY WARHOL.
YES. IT WAS MY. UH, TURN.
...WHERE IS THIS PLACE?
WE'RE IN THE BASEMENT OF A BIG, UH, PYRAMID THAT COVERS MOST OF, UH.
LONDON.

MIRACLEMAN. HE DID THIS. HE KILLED ME. THEN HE DID THIS. AND NOW HE'S BROUGHT ME BACK.
MM. UH, MORS REALLY BROUGHT YOU BACK. THERE WAS AN, UM. THEY WENT TO THE JUNGLE. SOMEWHERE. AND THEY BROUGHT BACK YOUR HIP. IT WAS ALL THAT WAS LEFT.

AND THEY GREW ME FROM THAT. I SEE. A CLONAL BODY...
NO. YOU-WE-YOU AREN'T A CLONE. THE BODY'S A MACHINE. THEY NEED CELLS FOR THE MEMORY.
HMM. SO DOES THAT MEAN THAT MEMORY IS HOLOGRAPHIC? THAT EACH CELL CONTAINS THE ENTIRETY? OBVIOUSLY NOT? MAGNETIC FIELDS, PERHAPS. OR KIRLIAN FIELDS...

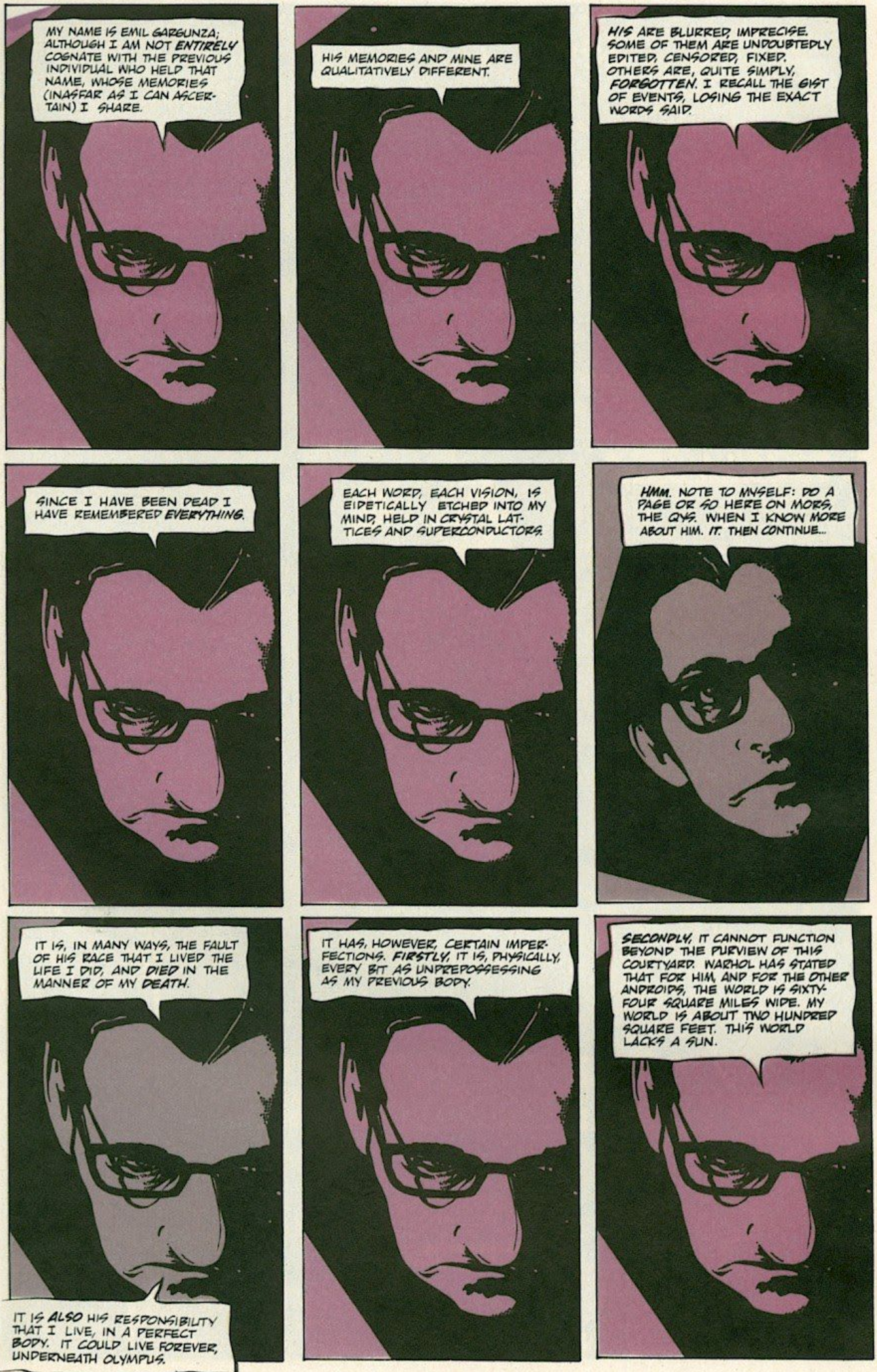
I DON'T KNOW THAT STUFF.
ANDY WARHOL? THE ARTIST?
YES.
I LIKED SOME OF YOUR WORK. THERE WAS A FLATNESS TO IT THAT APPEALED TO ME.
UM. THANK YOU.

SO, WHAT NOW?
AM I FORBIDDEN TO EXPLORE THIS BRAVE NEW WORLD?
UH HUH. BUT I'LL COME AND SEE YOU EVERY DAY. IF YOU WANT.

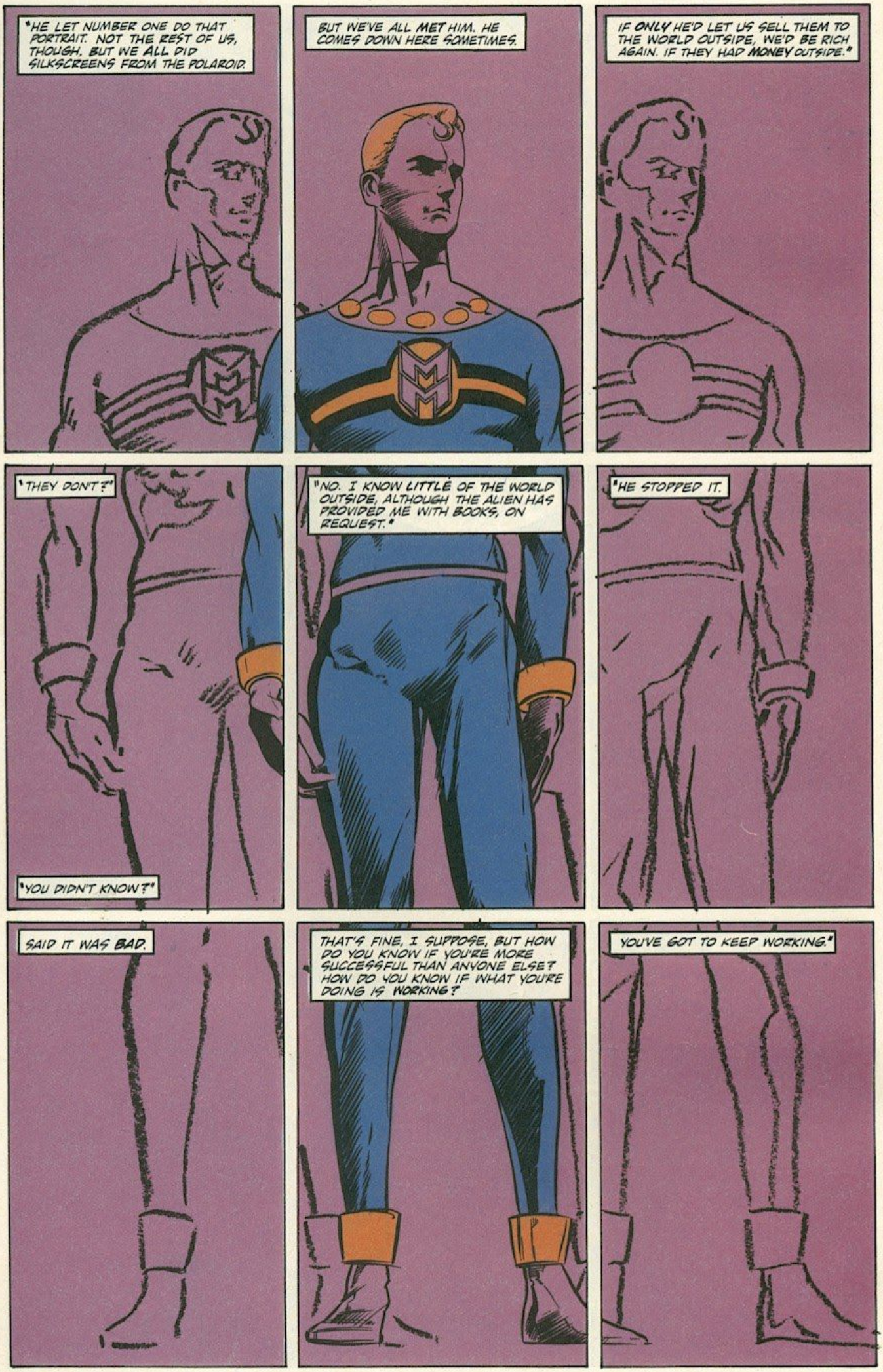
AND, UH, MAYBE MORS WILL LET YOU OUT IN A BIT. THERE'S SOME KIND OF ELECTRIC FIELD THAT KEEPS YOU ALIVE.
MOST OF THE DEAD PEOPLE CAN GO ANYWHERE IN MORS' UNDERGROUND. BUT FOR YOU, IT'S JUST THIS PLACE.
I'M SORRY.

I SEE. GOODBYE, ANDY.
GOODBYE, MISTER GARGUNZA.

JUNE 10TH 1993.
I GO TO SEE HIM EVERY DAY.
THE T-SHIRTS ARE PROVING EXTREMELY POPULAR.
I WISH THERE WAS MONEY DOWN HERE, THOUGH. WITHOUT MONEY, HOW DO YOU KNOW HOW WELL YOU'RE DOING?
IT COULD ALL BE TAKEN AWAY FROM YOU AT ANY MOMENT.
KIMOTAV
warhol
THEY SOLD MY WHOLE COLLECTION AFTER I DIED. I WISH I HAD IT NOW. BUT THE OTHER SEVENTEEN WOULD ONLY BITCH ABOUT IT, AND WE'D ARGUE, AND NUMBER ONE WOULD SAY THAT THE REST OF US WERE HIS IDEA, AND WE'D JUST ARGUE SOME MORE.
EMIL IS WRITING A BOOK.


MY NAME IS EMIL GARGUNZA; ALTHOUGH I AM NOT ENTIRELY COGNATE WITH THE PREVIOUS INDIVIDUAL WHO HELD THAT NAME, WHOSE MEMORIES (INASFAR AS I CAN ASCERTAIN) I SHARE.
HIS MEMORIES AND MINE ARE QUALITATIVELY DIFFERENT.
HIS ARE BLURRED, IMPRECISE. SOME OF THEM ARE UNDOUBTEDLY EDITED, CENSORED, FIXED. OTHERS ARE, QUITE SIMPLY, FORGOTTEN. I RECALL THE GIST OF EVENTS, LOSING THE EXACT WORDS SAID.
SINCE I HAVE BEEN DEAD I HAVE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING.
EACH WORD, EACH VISION, IS EIDETICALLY ETCHED INTO MY MIND, HELD IN CRYSTAL LATTICES AND SUPERCONDUCTORS.
HMM. NOTE TO MYSELF: DO A PAGE OR SO HERE ON MORS, THE QYS. WHEN I KNOW MORE ABOUT HIM. IT. THEN CONTINUE...
IT IS, IN MANY WAYS, THE FAULT OF HIS RACE THAT I LIVED THE LIFE I DID, AND DIED IN THE MANNER OF MY DEATH.
IT IS ALSO HIS RESPONSIBILITY THAT I LIVE, IN A PERFECT BODY. IT COULD LIVE FOREVER, UNDERNEATH OLYMPUS.
IT HAS, HOWEVER, CERTAIN IMPERFECTIONS. FIRSTLY, IT IS, PHYSICALLY, EVERY BIT AS UNPREPOSSESSING AS MY PREVIOUS BODY.
SECONDLY, IT CANNOT FUNCTION BEYOND THE PURVIEW OF THIS COURTYARD. WARHOL HAS STATED THAT FOR HIM, AND FOR THE OTHER ANDROIDS, THE WORLD IS SIXTY-FOUR SQUARE MILES WIDE. MY WORLD IS ABOUT TWO HUNDRED SQUARE FEET. THIS WORLD LACKS A SUN.

I HAVE A SON WHO DOES NOT VISIT ME. HE HAS LEARNED MUCH WHILE I WAS DEAD.
AND ME?
SOMETIMES I FEEL I HAVE LEARNED NOTHING AT ALL.
THERE. THAT WILL DO FOR TODAY, ANDEK.
PLEASE DON'T CALL ME THAT, EMIL. I TOLD YOU. ONLY MY MOTHER CALLED ME THAT.
AND THE ALIEN.
THAT'S DIFFERENT.
JUNE...
SOMEWHERE IT IS SUMMER. NOT HERE. A PITY. I LIKE HOT PLACES. AND BEAUTIFUL PLACES.
I WOULD HAVE BEEN BEAUTIFUL. AND MY SON IS BEAUTIFUL.
YES, HE IS.


"HE LET NUMBER ONE DO THAT PORTRAIT. NOT THE REST OF US, THOUGH. BUT WE ALL DID SILKSCREENS FROM THE POLAROID.
BUT WE'VE ALL MET HIM. HE COMES DOWN HERE SOMETIMES.
IF ONLY HE'D LET US SELL THEM TO THE WORLD OUTSIDE, WE'D BE RICH AGAIN. IF THEY HAD MONEY OUTSIDE."
"THEY DON'T?"
"YOU DIDN'T KNOW?"
"NO. I KNOW LITTLE OF THE WORLD OUTSIDE, ALTHOUGH THE ALIEN HAS PROVIDED ME WITH BOOKS, ON REQUEST."
"HE STOPPED IT.
SAID IT WAS BAD.
THAT'S FINE, I SUPPOSE, BUT HOW DO YOU KNOW IF YOU'RE MORE SUCCESSFUL THAN ANYONE ELSE? HOW DO YOU KNOW IF WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS WORKING?
YOU'VE GOT TO KEEP WORKING."

JULY 16TH 1993
WE WERE JUST SITTING, TALKING. YOU KNOW, THE WAY YOU DO. EMIL WAS BITCHING ABOUT HOW HE WASN'T ALLOWED TO GO OUT. NOT EVEN INTO THE GARDEN OF THE DEAD, LET ALONE INTO THE WORLD OUTSIDE.
HE WAS ASKING QUESTIONS ABOUT THE GODS. ABOUT HOW ANDY NUMBER ONE WAS ABLE TO PARTY UPSTAIRS, IF THE FIELD THAT KEEPS US GOING ONLY WORKS DOWN HERE.
I DIDN'T KNOW, AND I TOLD HIM.
AND THEN, SHE WAS THERE.
NOW, I SUPPOSE I SHOULD SAY THAT I SUPPOSE I'M PRETTY BLASÉ. I MEAN, HANGING OUT IN HADES WITH EMIL GARGUNZA, THE FATHER OF THE AGE, WELL, I MEAN, THAT'S A NAME TO DROP.
BUT HE'S KIND OF SHORT AND UGLY, AND HE SAYS STUFF I JUST DON'T UNDERSTAND, SO I DON'T SAY ANYTHING, AND HE JUST CARRIES ON LECTURING, AND I JUST WATCH HIM, EVEN THOUGH I DON'T GET IT.
AND WE HAVE A LOT IN COMMON.
SOMETIMES IT FEELS LIKE I HAVE MORE IN COMMON WITH EMIL THAN I DO WITH THE OTHER WARHOLS.
WE WERE TALKING ABOUT OUR BODIES.

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MY BODY APPEARS TO BE MADE OF FLESH, FOR ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES. HOWEVER, WHEN I ATTEMPTED TO CUT MY THIGH WITH A KNIFE, EXPERIMENTALLY, I FOUND IT IMPENETRABLE.
AND MY EYES, ALTHOUGH WET, ARE OF SOMETHING RESEMBLING PLASTIC. WHY THEN ARE THEY MYOPIC? I STILL NEED SPECTACLES? WHY HAS THIS NOT BEEN CORRECTED?
AND WHY AM I STILL SO...
UGLY?
IF YOU WILL. YES. WHY AM I STILL UGLY?
I WONDER THE SAME THING ABOUT MYSELF. US, WARHOLS. I LIKE PRETTY THINGS. I'D LIKE TO BE PRETTY. BUT THEY MADE ME LIKE I WAS. STUPID NOSE. WEAK CHIN. BAD SKIN. I'VE EVEN GOT SCARS ON MY CHEST.
BUT I DON'T EVER HURT. NOT ANY MORE.
AND THEN I SAW THE LIGHT, FLICKERING TOWARD US.
I WAS SO IMPRESSED.
I WONDER IF SHE'D LET ME DO HER PORTRAIT.
IT WAS REALLY HER.

HELLO, GRANDFATHER. HELLO, MISTER WARHOL.
YOU. YOU'RE WINTER. THE BABY.
THAT'S RIGHT. IT'S FUNNY- YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED.
CHANGED?
YOU REMEMBER. WHEN YOU PUT THAT FIBRE-OPTIC CAMERA INTO MOTHER. THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME I'D SEEN YOU. YOU HAVEN'T CHANGED.
I AM DEAD, WINTER.
SO?
WHY HAVE YOU COME TO SEE ME?
CURIOSITY. YOU MADE ME. YOU WANTED TO OWN MY BODY. I WOULD NEVER HAVE LET YOU, YOU KNOW.
WHAT ABOUT YOUR FATHER? OR AVRIL LEAR? WHERE ARE THEY? WHY DON'T THEY COME DOWN AND TALK TO ME.
TOO SENSIBLE. OR TOO SCARED. MAYBE BOTH.
SCARED? OF ME?
THERE WAS A WORD YOU USED THAT TURNED FATHER INTO MICHAEL MORAN. I BET YOU'VE GOT A WORD FOR AVRIL THAT TURNS HER MORTAL. 'GALATEA'? 'PROSERPINE?' SOMETHING LIKE THAT.
AND MAYBE YOU'VE GOT OTHER WORDS, OR OTHER THINGS. FAIL-SAFES.
YOU'VE ALWAYS BEEN SCARED OF THEM, EMIL, AND THAT MAKES YOU DANGEROUS TO THEM.
AND YOU AREN'T SCARED OF ME, LITTLE GIRL?

OH NO, GRANDFATHER. YOU NEVER DID ANYTHING TO ME. I WOULD HAVE KNOWN. YOUR PLANS FOR ME NEVER SAW FRUITION. STILL...
I WONDER WHAT IT WOULD BE LIKE TO HAVE YOU, LIVING IN MY HEAD...I DOUBT I'D LIKE IT VERY MUCH. BUT YOU'RE VERY CLEVER, YOU KNOW. EVEN THE GUYS WERE ASTONISHED AT WHAT YOU'D DONE WITH THEIR TECHNOLOGY.
IT WAS AS IF A MONKEY HAD GOTTEN HOLD OF A WALKMAN, EXTRAPOLATED BACK TO FIRST PRINCIPLES, AND BUILT A RECORDING STUDIO. QUITE INCREDIBLE.

THANK YOU.
NO PROBLEM. I ALSO CAME TO THANK YOU.
WHAT FOR?

FOR ME. THANK YOU, GRANDFATHER.

HELLO. I LIKED YOUR EMPIRE STATE BUILDING FILM.
OH, THAT'S NICE.
YES. I LOVE FANTASY.

SHE'S REALLY KEEN. I WISH I COULD INTERVIEW HER. I LIKE THE WAY SHE MOVES.

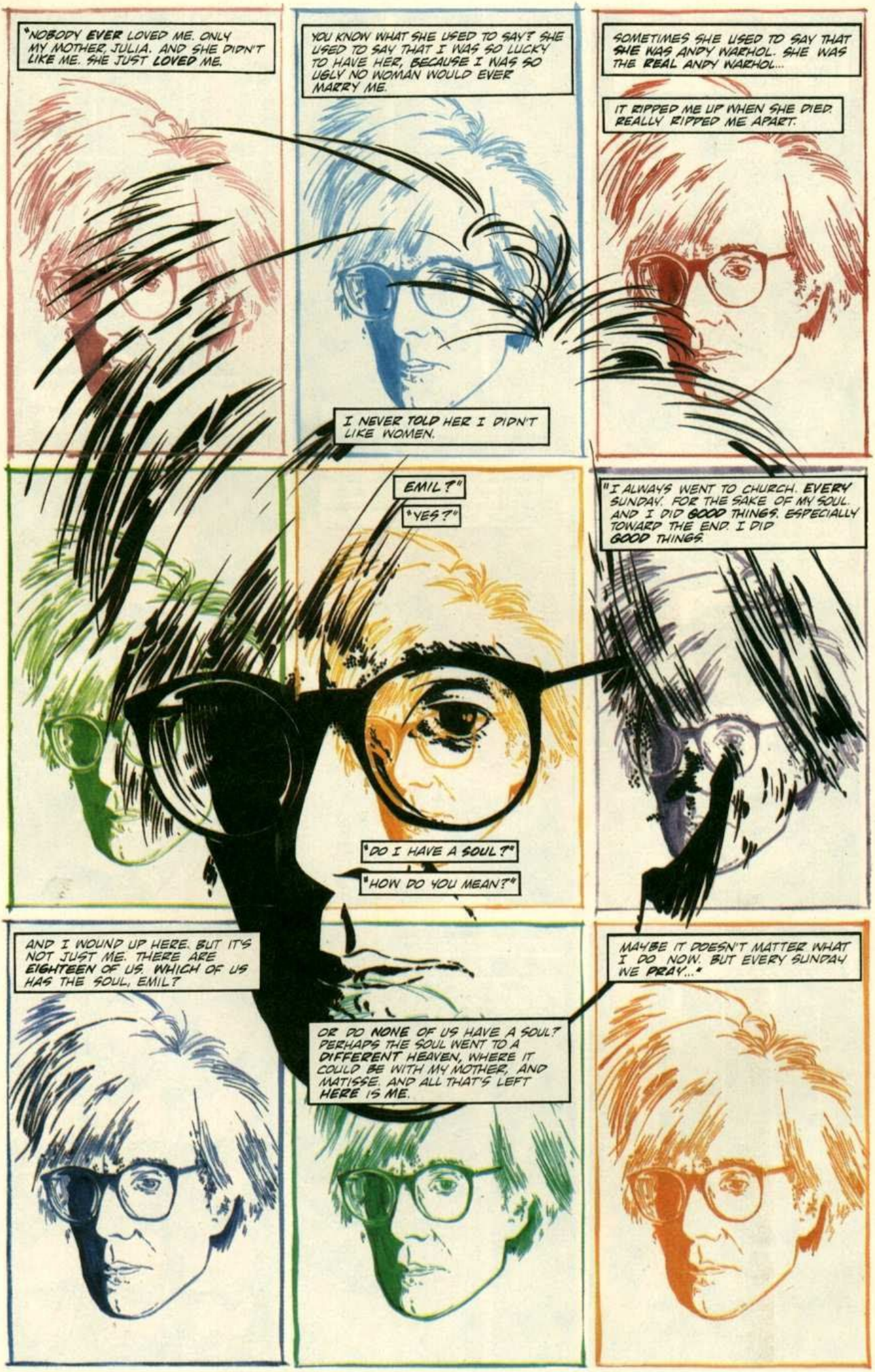
I REMEMBER THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING MOVIE. IT WAS OKAY, BUT I DIDN'T REALLY KNOW HOW TO WORK THE CAMERA. IT'S A NEAT BUILDING. MY FATHER WAS IN CONSTRUCTION.

HE NEVER LIKED ME. NOT REALLY.
I LIKE IT WHEN THEY LIKE MY STUFF.
I LIKE IT WHEN THEY PAY ME FOR IT.

AUGUST 24TH 1993.
WE'VE STARTED TELLING EACH OTHER STORIES.
I LIKE STORIES. STORIES MAKE ME HAPPY.
THE TROUBLE IS, HE WANTS ME TO TALK, TOO, AND I JUST LIKE LISTENING, AND WATCHING.
GARGUNZA
warhol
I STAYED AWAY FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT THEN THE OTHER WARHOLS STARTED ASKING IF WE'D HAD A TIFF. THEY'RE RATS.
I DON'T LIKE MYSELF VERY MUCH.

DO YOU LIKE THIS EXISTENCE, ANDY?
OH, SURE. IT'S WONDERFUL.
WONDERFUL?
I LIKE BEING A MACHINE.
IT'S WHAT I ALWAYS WANTED TO BE. YOU SEE, I USED TO CARRY A CAMERA WITH ME, EVERYWHERE I WENT.
NOW MY EYES ARE CAMERAS, RECORDING ALL THEY SEE.
I DON'T NEED TAPE RECORDERS ANY MORE-- I AM A TAPE RECORDER.
THIS IS HEAVEN.
AND THE COMICS. THAT WAS WHAT I READ, WHEN I WAS A CHILD:
SUPERMAN AND POPEYE AND NANCY AND UNCLE SCROOGE.
AND THIS IS A COMIC-BOOK WORLD.
I DON'T LIKE IT.
I WANTED TO LIVE FOR EVER. BUT NOT LIKE THIS.
DO YOU REMEMBER YOUR DEATH?
YES.
I THINK OFTEN ABOUT MINE.

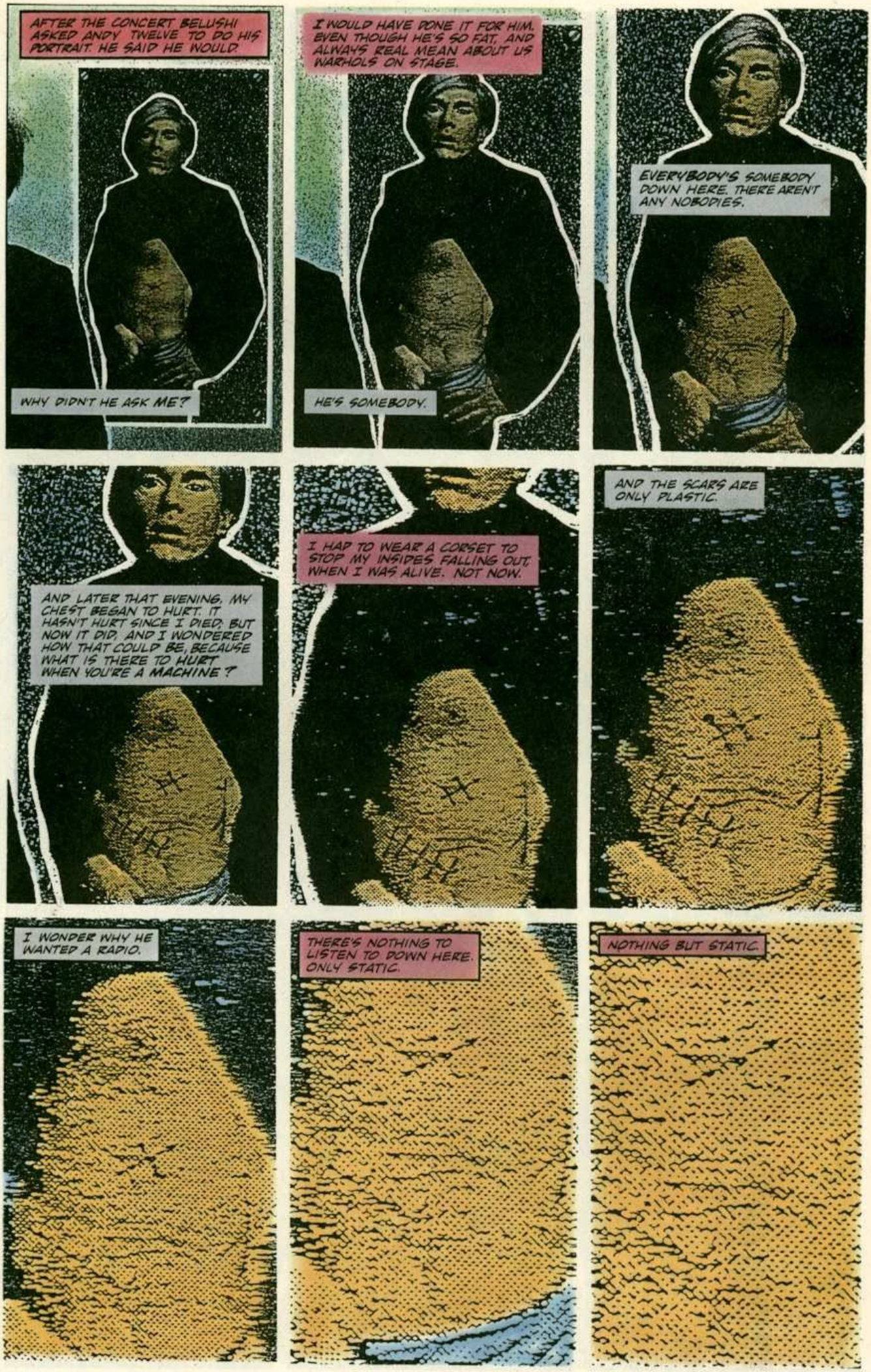
"I REMEMBER AN INITIAL LIFTING SENSATION AS HE DRAGGED ME UPWARD, FOLLOWED IMMEDIATELY BY A STILLNESS.
WE WERE AT REST, TOGETHER, AS THE GROUND RECEDED, AS THE EARTH FELL AWAY, AND THE NIGHT DARKENED TO BLACK.
I HATE TO IMAGINE HOW FAST THAT MUST HAVE HAPPENED.
I WAS NOT HOLDING MY BREATH; AND I HAD NOT YET BEGUN TO BREATH VACUUM, AS HE LOOKED AT ME.
I HAVE HAD A WHILE SINCE TO CONSIDER THE MEANING OF THAT FINAL LOOK. THEN, HOWEVER, TIME FOR REFLECTION WAS DENIED ME.
HE KISSED ME, AND HE BADE ME GOODBYE, AND HE THREW ME AT THE EARTH.
I DIED.
THERE WAS NO AIR, BUT I COULD LIP-READ. HE SAID, GOODBYE, FATHER.
HE UNDERSTOOD. YOU SEE.
HE HAD TO KILL ME, BECAUSE GODS MUST KILL THEIR FATHERS. BUT AT THE END...
AT THE END, I KNEW HE LOVED ME."


"NOBODY EVER LOVED ME. ONLY MY MOTHER, JULIA. AND SHE DIDN'T LIKE ME. SHE JUST LOVED ME.
YOU KNOW WHAT SHE USED TO SAY? SHE USED TO SAY THAT I WAS SO LUCKY TO HAVE HER, BECAUSE I WAS SO UGLY NO WOMAN WOULD EVER MARRY ME.
SOMETIMES SHE USED TO SAY THAT SHE WAS ANDY WARHOL. SHE WAS THE REAL ANDY WARHOL...
IT RIPPED ME UP WHEN SHE DIED. REALLY RIPPED ME APART.
I NEVER TOLD HER I DIDN'T LIKE WOMEN.
EMIL?"
"YES?"
"I ALWAYS WENT TO CHURCH. EVERY SUNDAY. FOR THE SAKE OF MY SOUL. AND I DID GOOD THINGS. ESPECIALLY TOWARD THE END. I DID GOOD THINGS.
"DO I HAVE A SOUL?"
"HOW DO YOU MEAN?"
AND I WOUND UP HERE. BUT IT'S NOT JUST ME. THERE ARE EIGHTEEN OF US. WHICH OF US HAS THE SOUL, EMIL?
MAYBE IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I DO NOW. BUT EVERY SUNDAY WE PRAY...*
OR DO NONE OF US HAVE A SOUL? PERHAPS THE SOUL WENT TO A DIFFERENT HEAVEN, WHERE IT COULD BE WITH MY MOTHER, AND MATISSE. AND ALL THAT'S LEFT HERE IS ME.

TO GOD?
SURE. MIRACLEMAN WON'T BE HERE FOR EVER. GOD CAN WAIT.
I DON'T KNOW ABOUT THE SOUL, ANDY. BUT I AM FASCINATED BY THE HOST OF RELIGIONS THAT ARE SPRINGING UP IN THE WORLD ABOVE.
THE TRANS-TIME INTEGRATIONISTS. THE WITNESSES OF THE CONSPIRACY. THE RATIONAL BRETHREN. THE DEICIDES. THE ANGLOMORES.
AND MY PERSONAL FAVORITES, THE MORANISTS.
I HAVEN'T HEARD OF THEM.
*THEY SUGGEST THAT THE REASON MICHAEL MORAN SUFFERED FROM MIGRAINE HEADACHES WAS INTRACRANIAL PRESSURE FROM A BRAIN TUMOR.
UH? SORRY PAUL... I WASN'T LISTENING...
JUST OUT
SOME RAD
THAT IN 1982 IN OXFORD, IN A NUCLEAR POWER STATION, THE TUMOR HEMORRHAGED.
THEY TEACH THAT MORAN IS DYING, THAT IN THE LAST FEW DAYS OF HIS LIFE HIS EXPIRING MIND IS CREATING AN IMMENSE WISH-FULFILLING FANTASY.
THAT WE ARE NOTHING MORE THAN SPARKING NEURONS IN A DYING MAN'S CANCER-RIDDEN BRAIN.*
...AND YOU BELIEVE THIS?
NO, I BELIEVE THAT THIS IS THE REALITY. BUT I PRIZE THE MORANISTS ABOVE ALL OTHERS.
HUMANITY DENIES THE TRUTH IN SO MANY WONDERFUL WAYS.

SEPTEMBER 3RD 1993
MORS STOPPED ME THIS EVENING. HALF A DOZEN OF US WERE DOWN AT THE ALABASTER JETTIES, WATCHING THE JOHN BELUSHI CONCERT.
IT WAS FINE.
DIVINE WAS THERE, WITH GLEN. THOSE TWO ARE INSEPARABLE THESE DAYS, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHAT SHE SEES IN HIM. HE'S SO DUMPY AND BORING.
DALI TURNED UP NEAR THE END, ON HIS STUPID GIRAFFE. HE SHOUTED SOMETHING, BUT I DIDN'T UNDERSTAND HIM.
BELUSHI MADE A COUPLE OF JOKES ABOUT US. HE SAID THINGS THAT WEREN'T NICE.
6

MORS TOOK ME TO ONE SIDE.
HE'S BEEN ASKING YOU FOR THINGS, HASN'T HE?
YES.
6
WHAT?
A PORTABLE RADIO. SOME BATTERIES. PAPER CLIPS. A WRISTWATCH.
YOU GAVE THEM TO HIM?
SURE.
DID I DO SOMETHING WRONG?
NO, ANDEK. THE NEXT TIME YOU SEE HIM, PLEASE GIVE HIM THIS.
WHAT IS IT?
A POMEGRANATE.
OH.
HE WALKED AWAY, SO SILENTLY. I WONDER ABOUT WHAT MORS HAS UNDER HIS ROBES. I ASKED HIM ONCE IF I COULD DRAW HIS SHOES.
HE SAID NO.
MAYBE HE DOESN'T HAVE ANY FEET.


AFTER THE CONCERT BELUSHI ASKED ANDY TWELVE TO DO HIS PORTRAIT. HE SAID HE WOULD.
WHY DIDN'T HE ASK ME?
I WOULD HAVE DONE IT FOR HIM. EVEN THOUGH HE'S SO FAT, AND ALWAYS REAL MEAN ABOUT US WARHOLS ON STAGE.
HE'S SOMEBODY.
EVERYBODY'S SOMEBODY DOWN HERE. THERE AREN'T ANY NOBODIES.
AND LATER THAT EVENING, MY CHEST BEGAN TO HURT. IT HASN'T HURT SINCE I DIED, BUT NOW IT DID, AND I WONDERED HOW THAT COULD BE, BECAUSE WHAT IS THERE TO HURT WHEN YOU'RE A MACHINE?
I HAD TO WEAR A CORSET TO STOP MY INSIDES FALLING OUT, WHEN I WAS ALIVE. NOT NOW.
AND THE SCARS ARE ONLY PLASTIC.
I WONDER WHY HE WANTED A RADIO.
THERE'S NOTHING TO LISTEN TO DOWN HERE. ONLY STATIC.
NOTHING BUT STATIC.

OCTOBER 1ST 1993.
I'M BORED OF DOING T-SHIRTS, EVERYBODY'S DOING THEM NOW. EVEN DALI.
SO I JUST WENT OFF WALKING ON MY OWN.
MORS WAS IN HIS FERRY, BUT WHEN HE SAW ME, HE POLED IT OVER TO THE BANK.
GET IN, ANDEK.
MAY I ?
OF COURSE.
I WAS WONDERING, YOUR PEOPLE: WHAT DO YOU DO FOR ART ?
ART ?
YES.
WE DESIGN BODIES, AND WEAR THEM.
OH. OH, THAT'S REALLY NEAT. UH...
WE CAN TALK ABOUT THIS AT LENGTH, AT SOME POINT, IF YOU WISH.
GEE. THANKS.

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ANDEK. DO YOU WANT TO GO OUTSIDE?
OUTSIDE?
UP THERE. INTO THE DAYLIGHT.
NO. NOT REALLY. I MEAN, IF I WAS OUT OF THE FIELD, I'D JUST TURN OFF, WOULDN'T I?
YES.
I DIED ONCE, WHEN... THAT WOMAN... SHOT ME. I DIED AGAIN IN THE HOSPITAL. I DON'T WANT TO DIE ANY MORE, MORS.
HE WOULD NOT LET ME BRING BACK DENNIS ARCHER.
WHO WOULDN'T?
MIRACLEMAN. SIR DENNIS WAS FOUND AFTER BATES' SPREE IN LONDON.
HIS BODY WAS HANGING IN A TOILET CUBICLE IN A SURREY RAILWAY STATION; HIS SUICIDE NOTE SCRAWLED ON THE WALL IN PENCIL, ALMOST LOST AMIDST THE DRAWINGS AND THE PROTESTATIONS OF PASSION, FANTASY, AND LOVE.
ALTHOUGH I OFFERED TO, I WAS NOT PERMITTED TO BRING HIM BACK. I DO NOT KNOW WHY NOT.
WHY DO YOU BRING EMIL GARGUNZA BACK, SIR?
HE HAS SUCH A MIND, ANDEK. SUCH A MIND...
THERE. SIX MONTHS TO THE DAY. IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME. HE SHOULD BE AROUND THE NEXT BEND IN THE RIVER.
EMIL, COME HERE.
...MORS.
ARE YOU LEAVING US?

I WAS PLANNING TO.
A PORTABLE SUSTAINING FIELD. HOW ENTERPRISING. AND SO SMALL...
YOU WERE PLANNING ON RETURNING TO THE DAYLIGHT, THEN?
IF I HAVE TO STAY COOPED UP IN THAT CELL, WITH ONLY THIS INANE BLEACHED FAGGOT OF YOURS FOR COMPANY, I'LL GO MAD, MORS. AND THERE'S A WHOLE WORLD OUT THERE...
NO. NOT FOR YOU THERE ISN'T.
ANDEK? YOU ARE CRYING?
NO. NO, I'M NOT CRYING.
THE FIRST ONE WE BROUGHT BACK WAS A MONSTER, ANDEK. THE SECOND... WE EDITED HIS MIND EXTENSIVELY, REPLACING MEMORIES, INSTILLING A CONSCIENCE. HE WAS LITTLE BETTER THAN A MORON.
THE MIND OF EMIL GARGUNZA IS UNIQUE. IF ONLY WE COULD HARNESS IT--THEM--IT--TO DRIVES THAT AIDED THE SURVIVAL OF OTHERS. NOT JUST HIMSELF...
INANE.
BLEACHED.
FAGGOT.
I THOUGHT HE LIKED ME.
HE NEVER LIKED ANYONE, ANDEK. I DOUBT HE EVEN LIKED HIMSELF.
LET US SET HIM TO REST, ONCE MORE.

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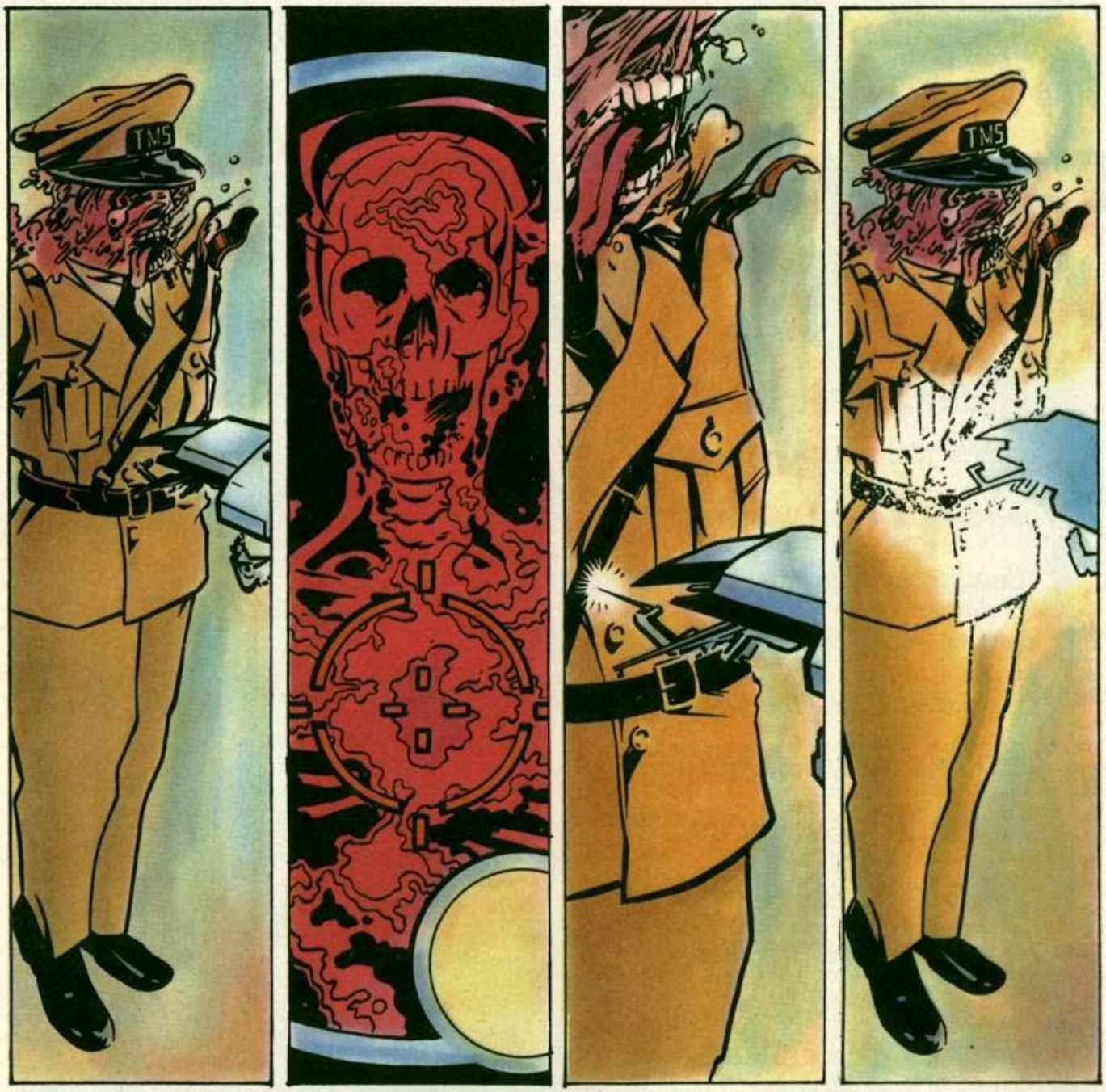
I MUST THINK ON THIS FURTHER.
EVENTUALLY, I HAVE NO DOUBT, I WILL GET THE BALANCE RIGHT.
THEY HUNG THERE, ON THE WALL, STARING DOWN AT ME. ROWS OF EYES, LOOKING AT ME FROM ALL THESE DEAD FACES.
IT WAS BEAUTIFUL.

I COULD HAVE SOLD IT FOR MILLIONS.
I COULD HAVE WRITTEN MY OWN CHEQUE.
THAT'S ART.

I THINK TOMORROW I'LL BUILD MY OWN
SO HE NEVER LOVED ME. I NEVER THOUGHT HE DID. AND HE WAS SO UGLY, ANYWAY.

SO WHAT.
THAT'S WHAT I SAY.
SO WHAT.
END

RETRIEVAL 3



RETRIEVAL
TO BE CONTINUED